Take the Moon and Make It My Ring

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Take the Moon and Make It My Ring

by servetas

Summary

“Come on, baby, once in a while does not hurt. Rookies say that drunk cigarettes don’t count, have you ever heard that? I think is funny,” Ilya tries, his kisses softer now, trying to work Shane into the soft, pliant mess he loves.

It doesn’t work. In fact – “What’s that, Ilya?”

Ilya is biting anywhere he can find, “I don’t have gun license, so I must be happy to see you.”

But that doesn’t work either. Shane finally moves – only to grab at Ilya’s collar, pulling it so that it digs into the back of his neck, which has Ilya pausing as Shane inspects. “That, Ilya. What’s that.”

or, Shane finds some (perfectly explainable) lipstick on Ilya's collar, and they both go through emotional saw traps

Notes

I like putting them through the corniest stupidest most annoying jennifer aniston romcom tropes ever it's actually enjoyable and Woke when it's shane having female hysteria, which in many of those movies is treated like a legitimate diagnosis.

also huuuuuge fan of 1) shane dogging ilya around and 2) ilya calling shane baby so cant wait to write more of that in the future until I get sick of this show which will hopefully be soon because I actually dont have time. relationship over with winter term now heated rivalry is my best friend

And a kiss to those who spot the arrested development reference in this

EDIT: getting so many genuinely lovely prompts across all fics but it's lowk a nightmare trying to find them again so if you'd like to talk to me more about anything I made a new twitter acc !! never too late to spread shane being ilya's baby propaganda

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya Rozanov – notorious playboy, always one to initiate a team outing, stay out ‘til fuck ‘o clock and wake up in a new postcode Ilya Rozanov – is officially, definitively boring.

And he doesn’t mind going on the record with this. There was a time when boring was a concept that haunted his dreams, a time when chasing the next thrill was imperative if he wanted to wake up in one piece – albeit hungover, with a pounding headache and a sense of dread carving a space for itself right into his chest – but now, Ilya welcomes the routine, welcomes the teasing from his teammates and the beautiful, peaceful *known:* because it means he’s got Shane.

Shane, who for a long time blamed himself for Ilya’s change in behaviour. Shane, who doesn’t understand that Ilya would rather drown himself than go back to a life of perpetual seeking, a life lacking an anchor, the purpose that is waking up every morning and watching Shane crack his eyes open, shyly huff and dig his face into Ilya’s armpit from embarrassment at the sheer, overwhelming amount of love in Ilya’s face.

The mere thought of it makes him laugh to himself now – well, giggle, he’s tipsy enough that he doesn’t worry about the implications to his manhood – as he repeatedly tries and fails to shove his key in the hole, probably scratching the hell out of the door. He thinks about Shane yelling at him over it, brow furrowed and arms crossed over his chest. He adjusts the crotch of his pants and tries again.

“Yes!” he exclaims under his breath, pushing the door open and scrambling to steady it before it hits the wall, shushing it for good measure. He hums to himself as he shuts it, a Russian pop song that him and Svetlana used to play in the car way back when – and now he’s missing her, sighing as he clumsily pulls his jacket off his shoulder and turns towards the living room.

Shane’s watching him, head perched on a fist on the back of the sofa, smile soft and easy. Glasses perched on his nose.

Ilya rips the jacket off his body like it’s burned him, lets it drop to the floor with a smile that threatens to split his face in two. “My baby!” he coos, too loud considering Shane is right there, making a show of getting hit in the chest with one of Cupid’s bows, letting his knees buckle to really drive the point home.

“Ilya, pick it up,” Shane is still smiling, the glasses doing a poor job of hiding the pink dusting of his cheeks, rolling his eyes when Ilya

ignores him in favour of stumbling over to the sofa. “All I know is I better not find it there tomorrow morning.”

“It *is* morning,” Ilya tells him, barely audible through the absurd stretch of his mouth – he towers over Shane, one hand behind Shane’s back and one next to his head, sizing him up with playful eyes. “What are you going to do to me?”

Shane bites his lip to keep his smile in check, humming as if in thought. “*Nag* you,” he whispers, eyes crinkling at the sound of Ilya’s exaggerated, pornographic moan.

“I *love* having boyfriend,” he groans, burying his face into the crook of Shane’s neck and taking in an exaggerated inhale, relishing in his scent – the tickle of it sends Shane into a fit of giggles, the ones that always have Ilya’s stomach hurting. And then, in a decidedly horrible Canadian accent, *“I love the ol’ ball and chain.”*

“I’ve told you to stop doing an American accent when you’re trying to sound Canadian. It annoys me.”

“Is the same.”

“Get the *fuck* off me.”

Ilya decidedly does not – he opts to forcibly make space for himself between Shane’s legs, ignoring his sounds of protest when he snatches the book Shane’s got perched on his lap, raising it high and squinting his eyes through the slight blur to read the title. *“The Game of Our Lives,”* he recites, tone extravagant, then makes a show of dumping it on the floor. “Boring.”

“I was in the middle of something,” Shane is no doubt trying to sound annoyed, but the smile on his face betrays him, as does the palpable heat of his neck when Ilya starts mouthing at his pulse point. *“Ilya.”*

“Yes, say my name,” Ilya mumbles, relishing in the way Shane tries to push his head away. *“Ilya, Ilya, Ilya,”* he does his best to sound American, voice high, tone breathy and whiney in his mimicry of Shane.

“I take it you had fun tonight,” Shane says, trying to sound as composed as he can muster with Ilya mouthing all over his neck. “More annoying than usual. Good vodka?”

“Sorry, ball and chain doesn’t like me to drink,” Ilya provides, sucking

at the jut of Shane's jaw. "Straight soda all night."

"That what your team calls me? Ilya's evil ball and chain that won't let him go out anymore?" Shane asks him – Ilya's nuzzling his nose into his cheek, meaning that when Shane turns his head to the side, they're face to face.

"Mm, yes. You are evil," but Ilya doubts he looks in any way sincere – maybe horny out of his mind if the stirring in his gut is anything to go by. The back of his neck feels dangerously hot. "What would you do if I lick your glasses?"

"Hit you in the face," Shane doesn't miss a beat, expression unfaltering. "You know I have never in my life told you that you can't go out, right? *Encouraged* you to do so, even?"

"You don't *understand,"* Ilya whines – his neck is too hot, cock too hard to have this conversation again. "They don't *know* what is waiting for me at home this week. You are just mystery girlfriend with mystery face. And mystery thighs. They don't know."

"What does that have to do with anything?" Shane says, momentarily distracted because Ilya's now started kneading at the meat of his thigh with a big palm, "Stop that."

Ilya sighs against his cheek – Shane's nose scrunches up at his vodka breath. "If I say I can't go out because I have Shane Hollander wearing glasses and reading boring book at home, nobody will understand," he starts, undeterred at Shane's half-hearted push against his shoulder, "but if I say I can't go out because my girlfriend will be mad, nobody will push. Can I lick your glasses now?"

"You have to go out with them sometimes, though," Shane takes the glasses off, shushing Ilya's guttural groans in protest and placing them on the coffee table. "It boosts team morale. And, you know, not to get into it again–"

"Yes, yes, you have loser boyfriend on loser team with loser teammates."

"I never said you're a loser. Of course, you're not a loser."

"Mm, what do you call a man on losing team?"

Guilt is somewhat clouding Shane's face, a break in his features at the loss of the playfulness in Ilya's eyes. He gives him a smile, one that

has Ilya forgetting whatever it was that dampened his mood a mere second ago, burrowing a bit deeper into the sofa cushions with his hands grasping at the collar of Ilya's white button-down, "You're a winner. You're big and strong. Like a bear."

Ilya looks at him, amused at the absurdity – and still so horny, unbelievably so. He was even horny in the taxi because he thought about Shane nagging him for smelling like cigarettes. He's so unbelievably gone. "The bear is supposed to be sexy to me?"

"My boyfriend the *bear."*

"Oh, you're *funny,"* Ilya's tone is dangerous, and sure enough, he's soon attacking Shane's neck, relishing in his laughter as he bites and gnaws and lets his hands sneak under Shane's shirt, no doubt cold and uncomfortable from being outside. "Mm, I *need* you and you're being funny and cruel to your boyfriend, who loves you so much and wants to fuck you *so bad."*

"You need me."

A hum.

"How bad do you need me?"

"I was about to blow in the taxi," Ilya says, ever so earnest, teeth nipping at Shane's throat when he throws his head back and groans in irritation.

"Ilya, that's so *disgusting,"* he tells him, words laced with laughter.

"I think about you yelling at me for smoking and almost paint the back of the driver's seat."

Shane's head snaps back down. "You smoked?"

Ilya lets out another pornographic moan, swallowing Shane's protest in a ravenous kiss, all tongue and teeth and noses smashing into one another. Shane relaxes soon enough – even though Ilya probably tastes like ash and ethanol – and buries his hands in his hair, pulling at the loose curls absently.

"What do I need to do for you to put glasses back on?" Ilya all but breathes, nipping at Shane's bottom lip in a way that has Shane's eyes fluttering shut, his breath quicker. "You know I will beg."

Shane pulls him into another kiss, and Ilya melts on top of him, palm squeezing the back of his thigh desperately. “How many?” Shane murmurs against his mouth.

“Hm?”

“How many cigarettes?” Shane whispers, low and sexy, and it takes a minute for it to compute before Ilya smiles, dipping his tongue into Shane’s mouth again – he’s so in love, so in love his chest feels constricted.

“I love you. I want to fuck psycho out of you,” he tells him, diving back into his neck – breathing in deeply, the scent he loves more than anything in the world, then sucking, careful not to leave a mark that Shane hates. “Three,” he finally supplies, because if he knows one thing, it’s that it’s easier to give Shane what he wants. And he also loves giving Shane what he wants. Can’t imagine doing it any other way, in fact.

Shane’s gone rigid underneath him. Ilya keeps mouthing at his skin, undeterred, determined to rub one out against the delicious curve of Shane’s inner thigh, if only that didn’t mean that he probably will pass out before he gets to fuck him in his glasses. And that’s no good. What’s also no good is the fact that Shane hasn’t moved for a while now.

“Come on, baby, once in a while does not hurt. Rookies say that drunk cigarettes don’t count, have you ever heard that? I think is funny,” Ilya tries, his kisses softer now, trying to work Shane into the soft, pliant mess he loves.

It doesn’t work. In fact – “What’s that, Ilya?”

Ilya is biting anywhere he can find, “I don’t have gun license, so I must be happy to see you.”

But that doesn’t work either. Shane finally moves – only to grab at Ilya’s collar, pulling it so that it digs into the back of his neck, which has Ilya pausing as Shane inspects. “That, Ilya. What’s *that.”*

That hardly sounds like a question. Ilya’s trying to understand, desperately so, but his brain is slow and his tongue is lax in his mouth and he’s still so hard it’s starting to hurt, so when he lifts his head to gauge Shane’s expression, the furrowed brow and set jaw he’s met with only adds to the confusion. Shane’s still looking at the bunched-up collar in his hand, which gives Ilya a clue, at least. He looks down,

strains his eyes to catch whatever's got Shane breathing like this, and sees it – a smudge, red and offensively bright against the crisp white material.

Ilya looks back up, and so does Shane.

"I am bleeding?" Ilya asks, because it's the only thing he can think of – he didn't go hard enough to get into a fight, at least he doesn't think so. He doesn't even get into fights anymore. He's fully committed to the role of the retired playboy, for what it's worth.

Shane's nostrils flare. "Not yet."

Ilya is looking at the stain in hopes the answer will present itself, whatever Shane wants to hear to keep kissing him like he was. "I will put on it baking soda later," is what he says, now sure that Shane's upset at him for soiling the shirt he got him – he's horrible, just horrible for it, and he's planning to show Shane just how sorry he is by trying to dive back into his neck, when a tug at his collar pulls him back to eye level.

"This is *lipstick,* Ilya," Shane tells him – slow, so the words penetrate Ilya's skull. Ilya's still in the dark. "Red lipstick. On *your* collar." Still nothing. Shane scoffs. *"Why?"*

Ilya was about to ask the same thing. He peers down at his shirt again, blinks through the blur of the alcohol – it does look like lipstick, smudged and mocking and bunched up in Shane's beautiful hand, which is currently white in the knuckles.

The truth is that Ilya knows *why.* The interaction was a blur, over before it began – he'd felt a hand tugging at his shoulder, a hand he was about to push away with the familiar excuse *I'm married* already at the tip of his tongue (an absolute favourite these days, one that Shane wasn't aware he'd been using), when he'd been met with Rose Landry's huge blue eyes, her sweet, red-painted lips pulled into that million-dollar smile that made Ilya only a little bit self-conscious about his dislike of her. Well, past dislike. This is what it had all been about – Ilya was too drunk, at that point, and so was she, and they'd talked like old friends that hadn't at one point shared a boyfriend. It was nice. In a way, it was closure. Rose had hugged him goodbye in a sea of people, someone had pushed into them, her mouth touched Ilya's collar – he hadn't even noticed.

The problem is, Shane can't know the truth. And Shane can't know the truth because Ilya had promised his new friend – Rose Landry, who

knew the day would come – that he wouldn't tell Shane he'd seen her, that she's supposed to be filming in Illinois and that she wanted to surprise Shane at his imminent birthday party. It might've been his drunken state, and her even more severe drunken state, but she had made it sound like it was imperative that Shane doesn't find out, that Ilya was supposed to protect the secret with his life. And, well, Ilya's still drunk. Although he can feel himself actively sobering up under the scrutiny of Shane's gaze.

So, he blanks. In retrospect, this might be the worst move of his career – careers, both on and off the ice.

"Ilya," Shane's eyes are wide, letting go of Ilya's collar like it's burned him.

"I don't… know," Ilya says, and immediately closes his eyes. When he thinks about how *that* must look, he promptly opens them, immediately met with Shane's incredulous stare.

"You don't… know," he repeats, tilting his head. "Can you guess? Because I can tell you what it *looks* like."

"Shane," Ilya is laughing a little, because this *is* sort of ridiculous – he realises it must have been the wrong thing to do, because Shane's mouth immediately snaps shut. Ilya stops laughing. "Come on, you can't *seriously* think that…" he trails off, the thought too preposterous to say out loud.

Shane blinks. "What would *you* think if I came home this late with lipstick on my collar, Ilya?"

Ilya seriously thinks about this. "I don't know many men who wear lipstick."

Shane's pushing at his chest, now, unable to make eye contact, "Get off me."

"Baby, come *on,* it was probably– Sveta was there!" he exclaims, the thought blurted out as soon as it popped into his head – of course, how didn't he think of it sooner? "Sveta came out with me, baby, and she hugged me, and– It was accident, she said she will pay for dry cleaning, I said is okay, we can afford dry cleaning. You know I don't like to take money from Sveta."

Shane's staring at him, palms flat against his chest. Just when Ilya's about to keep talking, desperate to fill the silence, Shane beats him to

it: “Svetlana is in Russia, Ilya. Remember? You were FaceTiming her *yesterday.”*

Ilya lets Shane push him off completely, at a complete loss for what to do, what to say – Svetlana *is* in Russia, Ilya now remembers complaining to Shane about Svetlana *being* in Russia for the next two weeks, how she’s gonna miss his birthday, how he really wanted her to be there for it so she could meet Pike and finally be able to join in on the bullying (Shane had scoffed at this). He remembers now, almost completely sober. He springs into action when Shane looks like he’s getting up, grabbing his wrist, then grabbing one of his hands with both of his, anchoring him on the sofa.

“Shane, come on, this is stupid,” Ilya pleads, blinking a few times. “I mean, it looks– It looks bad, but–”

“Yeah.”

“Is nothing,” Ilya tells him – it hurts him that Shane can’t look at him, that he’s opted to stare at the coffee table, at his glasses threatening to fall off the edge. He can’t take it anymore, decides to risk it and softly direct Shane’s chin upward with a crooked index finger, his chest dangerously tight when he sees the thick sheen of tears in his favourite brown eyes. *“Shane.”*

“Stop it,” Shane pushes his hand away, embarrassed, stabbing at his eyes with his free hand to get rid of the unshed tears. “Let go of me, I wanna go to bed.”

“Okay,” Ilya lets him go, nodding softly – careful, so as not to upset him any more. “Okay, let’s go to bed.”

“No, Ilya, *I’m* going to bed,” Shane says, his eyes red, the tip of his nose pink. Ilya’s stomach is in knots. “Or I can sleep here, I don’t care. But I wanna go to bed now.”

“Are you serious?” Ilya’s not so apologetic now – he’s upset, as damning as the ‘evidence’ is, he is quite upset, because Shane seems ready to accept the worst. Even after all this time, he’s ready to believe that Ilya’s fucking around, that he’s not serious about him – when Ilya’s more serious about Shane than he’s ever been about hockey, about himself, about anything else in his life. “Seriously. You really believe that I…”

He can’t even say it. How can Shane think he could do it if he can’t even say it?

“No,” Shane says, anyhow, and Ilya perks up, looking into Shane’s red eyes with newfound hope. “Or– I don’t know. It’s– Look at it, Ilya, what am I supposed to think?”

“It was *accident,”* Ilya says – he’s touching Shane’s face, now, palms softly resting on both of his cheeks, but the way Shane squints his eyes at the contact deters him, only slightly. “This is why I don’t like going to those places anymore, they are always packed and you fall on people and people fall on you – that’s how it happened.”

“I thought it was Svetlana.”

Ilya opens his mouth, but he’s got nothing to say, really, so he closes it again. Shane looks incredulous. Finally, he stands, leaving Ilya sputtering, still sat on the sofa.

“I’m gonna sleep down here tonight, I think,” he says, though he doesn’t make a move to walk away.

“Can we talk about this? After I have some coffee, maybe?”

“I wanna go to sleep,” Shane says again, looking at Ilya like he’s expecting him to leave, go upstairs.

His cold tone makes him unable to move, though. It’s so unfamiliar, hurts so bad that Ilya feels his whole body shut down, can only bury his face in his hands, beyond frustrated, digging his fingertips into his hairline. “God, okay. Okay, take the bed, Shane,” he says into his palms, rubbing at his face.

“I don’t want the bed.”

“I want you to take the bed,” Ilya drops his hands and levels him with a serious expression, one that has Shane averting his eyes. Ilya exhales through his nose, “Don’t think I’ll sleep anyway.”

It’s true. Ilya relies on the weight of Shane’s head on his chest, or at least the knowledge that if he reaches his arm out he will touch familiar, warm skin – and end up with a head on his chest after all. That’s all. Shane must think the same, a brief moment of hesitation on his features, but then it’s gone, and he’s starting to walk towards the staircase.

“Shane,” Ilya blurts out, turning around so he can look at him. Shane’s watching. “Kiss goodnight?” he tries, aware of how desperate he’s sounding – but he doesn’t care, not really.

Shane seems to think about it for a moment, seems to really try to agree, for Ilya's sake. But he doesn't move. "I don't know, Ilya, I– I'm pretty grossed out right now," he tells him.

It's probably the worst thing Ilya's heard in his life. "Grossed out? At me?"

"Can we talk in the morning?" Shane asks, although it's more of a rhetorical question, Ilya guesses – he doesn't wait for a reply before he starts to climb up the stairs, fist rubbing at his eyes as he does so.

Ilya watches his retreating form, his own eyes feeling blurrier, head pounding. "I love you," he calls, blinking the moisture away.

He thinks he hears "me, too" – but he can't be too sure.

Ilya doesn't sleep.

He didn't think he would, anyway. The sofa's a pull-out, and it's comfortable enough – he and Shane have slept down here, had fun down here more times than he can count, after all – but he just couldn't drift off, not for the life of him. He kept thinking about Shane, only a floor away. He thought about going up there a few times, climbing into bed and holding him and saying nothing, just holding him, but didn't think he could bear the possibility of Shane pushing him away.

Still, the thought of this going on any longer than it has is leading to dangerous thoughts. Svetlana has *thoughts* about his dangerous thoughts, as it turns out, which he finds out with his phone pressed between one ear and shoulder while sautéing kale.

"Are you fucking crazy?"

Speaking Russian, being spoken to in Russian is making him feel better, an emotional outlet of sorts, so he doesn't hang up at the sound of her tone. He stirs the kale. *"You need to be more specific. About what?"* he says – he doesn't worry about being quiet, because one, Shane is probably hiding from him in their bedroom, and two, he wouldn't be able to understand anyway.

"About all of it," Svetlana says, tired. *"But mostly about throwing yourself off the roof because of a misunderstanding."*

"I wouldn't actually throw myself off the roof," Ilya rolls his eyes, glad she can't see, though she can probably hear it in his voice. *"Not that he'd care right now."*

"Of course he would, stop being stupid," Svetlana says, pausing for a second. *"What's that hissing?"*

"I'm making him breakfast."

"Breakfast in bed, Ilya?" she is laughing a little bit – Ilya tuts. *"You're acting like the guiltiest innocent man in history."*

"If loving is a crime, you can throw me in jail."

"Just shut up," Svetlana grumbles – there's some shuffling. *"Why not just tell him the truth? His friend will understand."*

"Because I promised, Sveta. And he's always talking about how he wants us to be friendlier, since – you know."

"Since she fucked your boyfriend."

Ilya's silent as he stirs. *"Why would you say that to me?"*

"Because you're an idiot and I want to hurt you," she supplies, at which he hums as he dumps the kale into Shane's stupid brown rice porridge. He'd sooner get some eggs or bread in the guy, honestly, but he's trying to get on his good graces today. *"Okay, so you bring him breakfast in bed. Whatever. Then what? He's still gonna want an explanation."*

"I'll take it one step at a time," Ilya almost stirs the porridge, but remembers that Shane likes to stir it more than he likes to eat it. Probably because it tastes like wet cardboard, he'd guess. He places the spoon next to the bowl on the tray instead. *"I'm only wearing boxers."*

Svetlana hums, but it sounds sarcastic. *"Wow. Why don't you wear the shirt from last night and nothing else? He might like that."*

"I dumped that shirt in the trash," Ilya tells her, leaning his lower back against the counter. *"And stop being funny. This is the worst day of my life."*

“I can think of a couple worst days you might have had.”

“Maybe equally as bad, sure.”

“He’s got you by the balls,” Svetlana laughs, like the whole thing is amusing. It probably is, when you’re not in the situation. *“And this situation was definitely avoidable. Tell him the truth!”*

“I have to go,” Ilya tells her, eyeing the vase of flowers on the kitchen island. He plucks one out the middle, the prettiest one, and puts it onto the tray, next to Shane’s disgusting-smelling tea. *“I’ve got a man to feed.”*

“You’re the one getting fed. Your own balls, if I had to guess.”

“Love you, too, Sveta,” Ilya grumbles. *“Bye.”*

“Bye. Call me later?”

“Okay, nosey.”

“Good luck. Love you.”

“Love you more,” he says.

He leaves his phone in the kitchen, staring at the tray in preparation. He hasn’t been this nervous in a long time – and it’s ridiculous, it should feel nice, bringing Shane breakfast in bed. His Shane, sleep-rumpled and smiley as he kisses him to thank him. Or that’s how it would be under normal circumstances.

He makes it up the stairs without spilling anything, pausing outside the door to their bedroom – not entirely shut, open just a crack. He can’t see Shane through it, the bed obstructed, so he takes a couple deep breaths before he pushes in with a shoulder, peering his head in first.

Shane’s looking back at him, only his eyes visible over the comforter, the top of his messy hair. Ilya’s heart swells, and he’s suddenly equipped with newfound courage, walking in carefully.

“Good morning, baby,” he says softly – he doesn’t have to put on a smile, it comes naturally at the sight of Shane, whom he missed so much all through the night. He doesn’t even care that Shane isn’t showing him his face, just his eyes tracking his movements as he sits on the edge of the bed, keeping a healthy distance. “How did you

sleep?"

Shane blinks. "I didn't," he tells him, voice muffled from the comforter, eyeing the tray suspiciously.

Sure enough, upon closer inspection, Shane's eyes look puffy and tired, not as bright as they usually do. But still so, so beautiful, so warm and brown. Ilya thinks he knows what the pain of cardiac arrest feels like, the thought of Shane crying all night because of him making him want to curl up in a ball next to him, lay on top of him and not let him get up until he's forgiven. Maybe he *will* throw himself off the roof.

"Me neither," he says instead, trying to meet Shane's eyes. "I can't sleep without you. You know that."

He thinks he hears a hum, but he can't be too sure. He still can't see below Shane's eyes, and they're still watching the tray, slightly swollen, wary.

"I made you breakfast in bed," Ilya supplies, picking the flower up and putting it next to Shane's head on the pillow – Shane's eyes track the movement in a way that would be funny, if this wasn't Ilya's reality. "I have the tea you like, too. The one that taste like dirt."

Shane blinks again. Ilya wishes he knew Morse code. "Good. More stains."

It's Ilya's turn to blink. He itches his lower lip with his teeth, unsure of how to proceed, looking down at the tray because he doesn't know where else to look, what else to do.

He hears a sigh. "I'm sorry. Thank you," Shane pulls the comforter down, just slightly, so it's tucked under his chin and Ilya can finally see his pouty, slightly-swollen lips. "I'm not really hungry."

Ilya's too happy to see Shane's face, unobstructed, to feel disappointed. "Is okay," he says, putting the tray on the bedside table, so he can scoot a little bit closer. "Is okay, you can have some later. You will eat something later? Hm? My baby."

Shane closes his eyes at the feel of Ilya's knuckles, feeling out his cheekbone gently, feather-soft, testing the waters. Ilya aches for him. He tries to keep his distance, give Shane some space, but it's so difficult, so difficult not to touch his face fully, kiss him, smooth back his sleep-rumpled hair.

“I missed you so much,” Ilya just has to tell him, feeling hopeful when Shane opens his eyes to watch him. He’s not hopeful enough not to hesitate, though, not sure he wants to ask, but he has to. “Did you miss me?”

“Of course I missed you, Ilya,” Shane says, sitting up a bit, prompting Ilya to scoot even closer. “I don’t like sleeping apart.”

“God, me too,” Ilya’s hands itch, his chest hurts, he wants to hold him so bad, so bad. “Can I hold you? Please?”

“No, Ilya,” Shane says, though it looks like it hurts too. There’s some exasperation there, and it makes Ilya feel even worse. “Can you put yourself in my shoes for a minute? It feels– I’m just grossed out.”

“No, Shane, I can’t,” Ilya tells him, taking his hand off Shane’s face, mourning the contact. “I never think this about you. Never. You think I, what? I cheated on you on my first team outing in months?”

“No, don’t say that,” Shane sits up even further, his eyes looking wetter. Ilya wants to touch so bad, aches to comfort. “I don’t think that. I never thought that – Or…” he stops, face conflicted. “I don’t think that now.”

“But you did,” Ilya’s sure he looks incredulous, but decides to drop it at the look that Shane gives him – besides, he truly does not know what he would have thought if the roles were reversed. “So? What now? What do you think happened now?”

Something changes in Shane’s eyes. It’s something unfamiliar, something Ilya doesn’t like. “Can you stop acting like I’m being fucking crazy?” he says, firm and cold – Ilya can’t help but sit, anchored on the bed, listen. “I’m getting sick of it, Ilya. You show up drunk with lipstick on your collar – am I supposed to think that Hayes has been swiping his wife’s makeup?”

“You said I should go, Shane – *you* are the one that said I should drink with everyone else.”

“You had lipstick on your shirt!” Shane is louder now – he must think Ilya is not understanding. “Did I tell you to dance with strange women and show up with *lipstick* on your collar? You think I’m fucking stupid, that I wouldn’t say anything?”

“Okay, that’s what you think happened,” Ilya is scratching at his head – he takes it seriously, only because Shane is obviously in distress,

revealing a complex deeper than the lipstick on Ilya's collar, but it's hard to, really hard, because the implication is ridiculous. Why would Ilya even touch anyone else when he's got his Shane, *his* Shane waiting for him at home?

"I've asked you repeatedly," Shane continues, determined, "I've asked you repeatedly if you miss it, I asked you *before* we got together, before it got to be this long."

"Ask me *what,* what are you *talking* about?"

"Women, Ilya! I asked you if you miss women, and you said no. You said you didn't," Shane finally explodes, a fresh sheen of moisture covering his beautiful eyes. "I'm sorry I'm not happy about this but I don't know what you expect of me."

Ilya's smiling. He regrets to say it, but he's smiling – mostly at the absurdity of it all, partly so he doesn't cry at the fact that Shane still doesn't know he's all he needs, that there is nothing Ilya misses because Shane's everything he wants to ever have, more than he ever thought was possible.

Shane groans, rubbing a hand over his eyes, "Ilya, I don't want to get mad again."

"Baby," Ilya laughs, but closes his mouth at Shane's charged stare. "Shane. This is what it's about?"

Shane is looking at him like he's slow.

Ilya has to touch him. Caution be damned, he has to touch him, and he does, scooting closer and leaning down, presenting his head to Shane – his to touch, or cut off, or push away – his hands cradling his waist, eyes looking up in utter devotion. Shane does try to squirm away, to his credit, but it's not a serious attempt – he opts to just sit there, rigid, not welcoming or repelling the touch, Ilya's chin on his stomach.

"How many times do I have to tell you that you are all I need?" he says quietly, chasing Shane's eyes when he looks away. "Hm? That I think about you all of the time? That I will let you ca*strate* me before I think about someone else?"

Shane eyes him sceptically. "It's *ca*strate."

"Yes. You can cut it off," Ilya concedes.

“Every time you show up with incriminating evidence on your clothes, I guess,” Shane tells him, pushing his chin, his head away from his stomach. “You’re hurting me.”

“Nothing happened, Shane,” Ilya lifts his head, ever so obedient, moving his hands down to Shane’s thighs, hoping his touch is soothing, comforting. For all he knows, Shane’s skin itches under his hands. “I can’t… *tell* you why the lipstick is there, but– Trust me. You don’t trust me?”

“Ilya, you can’t possibly twist this so it’s *my* fault for thinking this way,” Shane scoffs, eyes wide. “I mean – this is straight out of a movie. What do you even *mean* you can’t tell me?”

“I just can’t,” Ilya groans, rubbing both palms over his face, pushing them up so his hair sticks up awkwardly. “I can’t. I promised.”

Shane’s expression is an amalgam of emotions – frustration, exasperation, anger. Primarily, he’s looking at Ilya like he’s grown two heads, like he’s crazy. Ilya must be.

“I think I’d rather you just didn’t talk,” Shane tells him, throwing the comforter off his body, swinging his legs over the bed so that Ilya only has a view of his back. “You’re making it worse.”

“Where are you going? We are talking.”

“I’m going for a run,” Shane rubs his lower back, looking even more tired now that he’s standing. Not that he’s letting Ilya get a good look at his face. “I always go for a run.”

“*We* always go for a run,” Ilya tells him, glancing down at the breakfast tray on the bedside table.

“We always sleep in the same bed, too. Today is different, have you not realised that yet?” Shane is cold, barely looking at him as he puts on a pair of running shorts, starts digging into the closet for a compression shirt, probably. Ilya wants to touch him so bad. More than anything.

He keeps watching, watching until Shane is dressed, until he starts making his way to the door of their bedroom. “You will not eat?” he calls after him, tutting when Shane doesn’t even stop to respond to him.

“Still not hungry,” he throws back, pausing by the door as he puts on

his socks. “I might drive to my parents’ after,” he says, causing Ilya’s head to snap up. “See them for a bit. Think I’ll sleep over.”

“Shane, come on,” Ilya says, at which point Shane finally looks at him. “We only have few more days together.”

Shane says nothing as he pulls on his other sock. He clears his throat – Ilya can see his eyes are still wet, even from the bed. That’s how well he knows him. “I’ll come back. Tomorrow.”

Ilya’s panicking. He’s panicking enough not to be able to think about anything else other than the prospect of Shane not coming home today, of him having to dwell by himself, alone in this house, not knowing what Shane’s doing, what he’s thinking. It’s enough for him to sit up, speaking before his brain can give him the green light: “Rose Landry.”

Shane is watching him. His brow is furrowed, hand paused on the doorhandle. “What?”

“Rose Landry. I saw Rose Landry last night. Rose Landry was at the club.”

“Stop saying her whole name like she’s Ronald McDonald,” Shane tells him, pausing again, shaking his head in confusion. “What does Rose have to do with this?”

“Is her lipstick, Shane,” Ilya says, the knots in his stomach slowly coming undone, his shoulders slumping. Shane’s expression is unchanging. “On the *shirt.”*

But then. Then Shane’s face slowly twists in horror, his hand touching his stomach, and Ilya sputters again.

“No, Shane – Jesus, I just *saw* Rose Landry at the club and I hug her and her lipstick got on my shirt! Yes?” Ilya’s eyes are wide, nodding as if that will make Shane understand. “The red lipstick she always wears? Beautiful lipstick, very… *red?”*

“You. Hugged *Rose,”* Shane deadpans, but at least his face doesn’t look as horrified as it did. Not at all, actually. Just tired. “Rose is in Chicago, Ilya. She’s filming. I just spoke to her the other day.” He watches Ilya shake his head for a moment, sighing in exasperation, “Can I go now?”

“She’s back, Shane. For you, for your birthday,” Ilya stands up,

because Shane hasn't stopped walking. He follows him out, stops at the top of the stairs as Shane descends. "She told me to not tell you – is surprise! Call her! Ask her!"

"I'm not bringing Rose into this – it's not her fault you're embarrassed about last night and you keep lying to me," Shane calls back, stopping at the bottom of the stairs to put his shoes on.

"Then– Give *me* her number and I will call her *for* you!" Ilya is taking the stairs two at a time, making it down before Shane's put on his second shoe.

"What, I thought you were friends now. She didn't give you her number?" Shane pouts – Ilya doesn't answer, because Shane's tone tells him he's not really expecting him to. Sure enough, the expression drops off Shane's face, and he's grabbing his keys. "Bye," he mumbles, pausing for a second, his back turned to Ilya – then, he turns around, eyes pained as he huffs and walks over, pecking Ilya on the lips, so quick and chaste that Ilya doesn't have time to react. "I'll call to say goodnight."

Ilya's chest feels warm despite it all. His Shane. "Call Rose!" he calls out, unsure if Shane's heard over the sound of the door falling shut.

The silence proves immediately overwhelming. Ilya sits at the bottom of the stairs, tries to think through it – ultimately, he pulls his phone out and calls Svetlana.

It hasn't even been a full day – it's just a few short hours later, maybe five, maybe seven, and Ilya's been sat up in bed, still in his boxers, staring at a TV programme that he couldn't describe if he wanted to, not that he wants to. He's on his third beer, because Shane isn't here to nag him about it. The thought makes him take another swig, the taste funny, and when he twists the can in his hand he finds out it's non-alcoholic, letting the back of his head hit the headboard with the realisation. "Прекрасно…"

Svetlana had been helpful, as much as anyone could be right now. She'd said he did the right thing telling the truth, that Rose would understand, that he maybe waited too long to come clean but that it would all work itself out in the end. That Shane wouldn't be able to

help himself and call Rose after all. That she loves him and that he could call her anytime, maybe pay for her flight if wanted to. Ilya had browsed various airline websites before ultimately putting the idea in the back burner.

A noise from downstairs makes his ears perk up, but he decides to go back to the TV. If there's an intruder, he may pity Ilya too much, because he certainly looks pitiful, and turn back around. Or kill him. He's not sure he'd mind too much, as dramatic as it sounds.

Shane is peering at him through the crack in the door. Ilya almost thinks he's hallucinating, that he's poisoned himself with the disgusting non-alcoholic beer – but sure enough, Shane is walking into his bedroom, in his running attire, his beautiful legs exposed, his beautiful face timid.

Ilya doesn't really know what to say. "You said you are going to your parents," is what he settles on, quickly putting the half-drunk beer on the bedside table as the bed dips with Shane's weight, not close enough for Ilya's liking.

Shane hums, absentmindedly picking up the beer, reading the label. Seeming satisfied, he says, "I did."

He sets it back down. Turns to watch him. He looks shy, which is something Ilya's always loved about him – how he still manages to be timid around him, *Ilya,* who's seen him, all of him, inside and out, bones and all. Ilya loves him.

Ilya didn't know he could love him more, in fact, until Shane – cheeks dusted pink, eyes bright but reluctant – scoots closer and presses his body against his, presses his cheek against Ilya's chest. Ilya exhales like he's been holding his breath since this morning, since last night – because he has been. Ilya exhales like it's the first time he's felt relief, wrapping his arm around Shane and cradling the side of his head, pressing his cheek flush against his chest, so Shane can hear how his heart beats for him, mouth pressed into Shane's hair.

"I called Rose," Shane explains – Ilya had figured. It doesn't really matter.

He kisses his hair, inhales his scent like he hasn't smelled him in years, kisses travelling south, until they reach his eyebrows, letting his lips rest on his temple. Shane's got his eyes closed, breath shuddered.

"I'm sorry," he continues, wrapping his arm around Ilya's stomach,

lips pressed against the bare skin of his chest, words lost in his flesh. “I’m sorry, Ilya.”

“Is not your fault,” Ilya dismisses, kissing his nose, now. “My baby,” he mumbles, not even for Shane to hear.

But he does. His cheeks turn a deeper pink, so beautiful. “It is,” he says, tilting his head up to show him his eyes – they’re wet again, but it’s different. Ilya’s heart hurts the same. “Of course it’s my fault. Whose fault would it be?”

Ilya is shushing him – he doesn’t want to hear it. He wants to end it. “It doesn’t matter,” he shakes his head, smiling at the red that paints the tip of Shane’s nose. “Is okay now. I would think the same if it was you.”

“No, you wouldn’t,” Shane grumbles, unable to return Ilya’s smile. He’s angry at himself. “You’d listen to me. I didn’t listen.”

“Is different,” Ilya reasons, gently swiping Shane’s undereye, though no tears have escaped. “Is okay. It doesn’t matter.”

“Of course it matters,” Shane is adamant, lifting his head off Ilya’s chest, levelling with him. “Of course it does. I’m really embarrassed.”

Ilya hums. He blows out one cheek, then the other, as if in thought – the display makes Shane smile despite himself, despite the sheen of tears in his eyes. “You want to make it up to me?” he asks, and Shane gives him a wet laugh, nodding and sniffing. “Give me kiss.” He pulls away as Shane smiles and tries to do just that, putting two fingers between their faces in protest, “And make it nice kiss, okay? Don’t half-ass. I will know.”

“Yes, sir,” Shane sniffs again, puts his mouth on his – it feels like the first drop of water Ilya’s had in days, an oasis in the desert. It’s slow, tender, and it lasts until Ilya’s replenished, until he’s sure he can trace the shape of Shane’s lips with his tongue again, until he’s memorised his taste. Shane blinks at him when they pull back, his expression calmer in a way that gets Ilya’s shoulders to relax. “That was really nice of you, by the way.”

“I’m really good kisser.”

“No – well, yeah, but,” Shane shakes his head, his smile bright, beautiful, “I meant Rose. Keeping her secret. I’m sorry I ruined it.”

Ilya kisses the tip of his nose again, because he wants to. “Was she mad at me?” he asks, at which Shane scoffs.

“Of course not. She kept apologising,” Shane tuts in disbelief. “I felt so bad. I’m really embarrassed.”

“Your boyfriend is – what is it, hunk?” Ilya pretends to think, looking up at the ceiling. He hears Shane scoff again. “Jealousy is normal. Is embarrassing to not be jealous, I think.”

“Now I’m mad at *you* again.”

“Yes, but now you’re mad in sexy way,” Ilya grins, brave again, brave enough to reach out and grab a handful of thigh, fingertips reaching the cleft of Shane’s ass, knowing he’ll let him. And he does. Shane doesn’t just let him, he puts his hand over Ilya’s, moving it so that he’s fully cupping his ass, the fullness familiar and comforting, what Ilya needs after this adventure. Ilya has the decency to quirk an eyebrow, “This doesn’t feel very mad.”

“Oh, I *am* mad,” Shane says, but the twinkle in his eye betrays him, all teeth on display, his cheeks pink with it. He leans in, hand feeling out Ilya’s chest, his stomach. “Why do you have to be such a good guy?” he says, quiet, touching the tips of their noses together, like he’s telling him a secret.

Ilya kisses the tip of his nose, then his philtrum. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s annoying,” Shane continues – Ilya listens, but with great difficulty, because his nose is still begging to be kissed. “I wasn’t even mad. This morning. I was hurt, but still not mad.”

Ilya kisses his nose again. “Let’s forget about it. Okay?” he soothes, pulling Shane closer with the hand on his ass. Shane is chewing on the inside of his cheek. “I forget about it already. No harm, no foul.”

Shane smiles at him, but it’s half-hearted. Then Ilya’s being kissed, slow and closed-mouthed, two strong arms wrapped around his neck. “I love you,” Shane says against his mouth, pausing momentarily to let Ilya continue the kiss. “You’re perfect. You’re just perfect.”

Ilya makes a noise, which etches a smile on both of their faces. “I eat garbage. I leave toilet seat up. I drink. I smoke.”

“You don’t smoke anymore. It’s okay – once in a while is okay. I love you. You stopped for me. You’re perfect,” Shane interjects, kissing him

again – then he freezes, pulling back slightly. “You’ve stopped, right?”

“I don’t know,” Ilya muses – although he’s stopped, because Shane asked him to, because it made Shane afraid. That was enough. “What will you do if I say no?”

Shane grins, dirty and mischievous, and Ilya’s heart swells ten times its size in anticipation. *“Nag* you,” he emphatically whispers, bursting into laughter as Ilya’s exaggerated, pornographic moan comes right on cue, shouting when he’s pulled on top of Ilya, laughing and protesting as his neck is being bitten, sucked on, saying something about no marks, but Ilya doesn’t care, he doesn’t hear anything.

“We left something in the middle yesterday if I remember correctly,” Ilya tells him, pulling Shane’s shorts under his ass – then, on second thought, taking his face out of Shane’s neck to inspect them, he pulls them back up, slapping to see it jiggle. “They will stay on.”

“Mm, you gonna fuck the psycho out of me?” Shane says, smiling – as hot as it is, as hard as he is against Shane’s thigh, he can’t help but pause, mesmerised, stare at his teeth, his beautiful, beautiful brown eyes, crinkled and happy, the constellation of freckles dusting his skin, the beautiful pink underneath, the apples of his cheeks that he wants to bite. Ilya’s in love. Ilya’s so in love that it hurts, that he feels like he misses Shane even when he’s right here, in his arms, like he’s an intrinsic part of his organism that’s supposed to be inside him, right next to his heart, above his liver.

“You’re not psycho,” Ilya says – Shane’s gaze softens, his smile gentler, his cheeks redder. Ilya knows he feels it too. Whatever this is, because it’s not love. Whatever it is hasn’t been invented yet. Is being invented in this very room. “You’re my Shane,” he kisses him on the cheek, slow, savouring the feel of it against his lips. Not that he has to. He’s got years and years of kissing Shane’s beautiful cheeks ahead of him. Shane gives a shuddery breath, eyelashes brushing his cheekbones. “My baby. My baby.”

End Notes

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